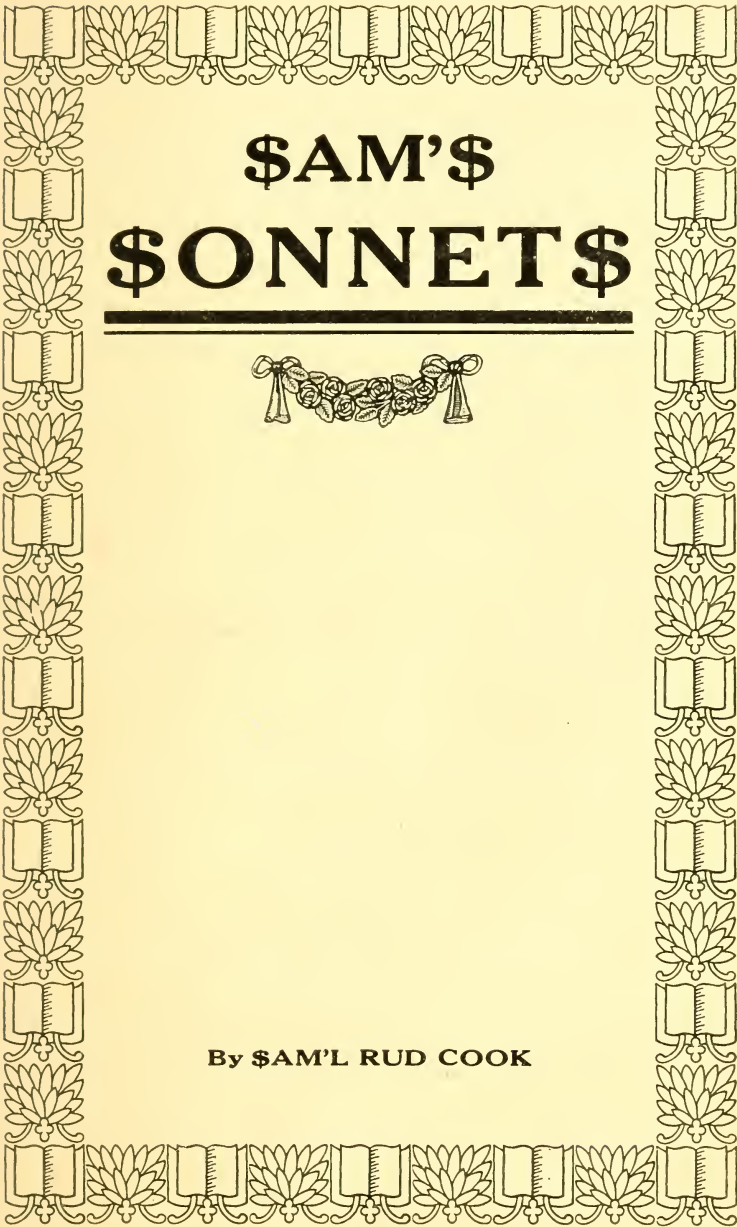


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1907



\$AM'S \$ONNETS



By \$AM'L RUD COOK

PREFACE

I trust this booklet "\$am'\$ \$onnet\$," will receive some welcome.

The editor of The Christian Intelligencer, N. Y., called these "very clever verse;" others say "\$am'l Rud Cook is Master of Triolets," but he is the only fellow I never yet learnt to know.

However, one friend fancied the idiocrasm of my signature and sent me a postal card from the east with only the "\$" mark on it, still it did not go to Rockfeller, but came to Indiana the home of IN GOD WE TRUST and 2,516,462 poets, essayists and editors—and finally found me—the Post Officials realizing that the Dollar Sign is as close as money gets to a Cook even if he bakes his poetry.

All these tactful favors are thankfully but modestly received. May our friendship circle grow.

Ever truly yours,

THE AUTHOR.

July, 1907

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THE FIELD

In the field our faith fights for lifes food
 On the ground that is grace to the grain,
And this faith is the cause of our mood
 As we wield for a yield in soils drain.
Thus the field our hope flays for lifes feed
 On the fact that is grave for the grown,
And this hope makes us dare to life lead
 As we reap just to keep for a loan.
Thru the field our love fights in lifes fate
 By the act that is game to our goal,
And this love is the source for the rate
 That we choose when we steep our own soul:
While the herald of these views shall be joy
 When we seal with a zeal field employ.

BUSINESS

Of all laws in times lay for smooth lea
 There's no rite or a role which us rears
In the line of trades rule as degree
 Of our work that a right knowledge cheers.
Of all forms in lifes fad and times foil
 There's no stile or a square which us sounds
To the whole of the built as the toil
 Of our act in the light wisdom crowns.
Of all aims in our apts and our aid
 There's no try that's so trim or as trite
Like the will which shall deed to no trade
 Lest we know what is sown is all right:
That is what we in life always call
 With one voice at invoice BUSINESS TALL!

THE TILLER

The first of a Tiller is a T ;
 But not oft do we find he tea drinks,
For he keeps all sober, like a bee,
 His head wax, to thrive hive, as he thinks.
The center of Tiller is 'eer ill;
 But seldom do we see this man so—
Tho he sows and he reaps, s't'll his will
 Is a deed for good healtn and wealth glow.
The all of a Tiller means yeoman;
 But always this peasant treats urbane,
For he fills the chalice, as showman,
 To the world that would wield all in vain:
Were it not for the Tiller—the whole fill
 Of our bins, the Miller and soul will!

POETRY

Po-e-try is but Poe, the great Scribe,
With a TRY, at its close; so the song
Is replete in its phase; hence to bribe
For its feet would expose what is wrong:
It to parse is no farce, but a try
Ever born in a soul as an eye!
Poem good, as pure starts and it ends
As meter does begin; yet cadence
Is oft dense and the rymth needs ammends
To uphold what we know as credence.
Thus our prose oft out-weighs all our verse,
For a ROSE, with a part of prayer
Maps out PROSE—not perVERSE, or to scare
Life adVERSE in conVERSE—uniVERSE!

TRIOLETS

IN THE LAND OF REFORM

In the land of reform
Many men are termed Cranks,
But if their acts conform—
To the hand of reform
And inform—not deform,
Then the world performs thanks—
Tho in land of reform
Many souls are termed Cranks!

IN THE LAND OF FREE PRESS

In the land of Free Press
We may have our great say,
If we don't right depress—
In the land of Free Press,
Where we pay the Express
As we make impress lay—
In the land of Free Press
We all hatch our great say!

IN THE LAND OF PARSING

In the land of parsing
We should know right phrasing,
For we find no farcing—
In the land of parsing;
And none could at par sing
If rymth had no praising—
In the land of parsing
We should note right phrasing!

IN THE LAND OF BLACK-SMITH

In the land of black-smith
Where we form our good luck,
Tho we are but Jack Smith—
In the land of black-smith,
We may be a crack smith
If we have a great pluck—
In the land of black-smith
May we form our good luck!

IN THE LAND OF WOR-KING

In the land of wor-king
Every one does duty,
For we court no shir-king
In the land of wor-king—
Tho there dwells a win-king,
While thin-king thrones beauty,
Our tal-king and wor-king
With jo-king is duty!

ON THE SEA OF CENSURE

On the sea of censure
There always is annoy,
But the form of censer—
On the sea of censure—
Oft provides a censor
Who saves men from decoy:
On the sea of censure
There always is a buoy!

IN THE LAND CONTRIBUTE

In the land contribute,
There our grace is handsome;
For we have attribute—
In the land contribute—
Which will save postitute
And conform life fusome—
In the land contribute
Where all grace is handsome!

IN THE LAND OF PERMIT

In the land of permit
Always do what is just,
Then you won't be hermit—
In the land of permit,
But will reach a sumit
And the world will you trust—
If in land of permit
You comit what is just!

IN THE LAND OF OUTDOORS

In the land of outdoors
We all like to frolic,
To open our pores—
In the land of outdoors;
For thus man health implores
And no wealth has cholic:
In the land of outdoors
Where souls love to frolic!

IN THE LAND OF PROFIT

In the land of profit
There people advertise,
Tho there is no prophet—
In the land of profit,
Yet they reach lifes sumit
Comiting ritual wise:
In the land of profit
Where people advertise!

IN THE LAND ALDINE PRESS

In the land Aldine Press
We do press for Smart Set,
For we have Hotch-kis press—
In the land Aldine Press,
And have proved inks impress
As lifes pie, when lips meet:
In the land Aldine Press
Where we press the Smart Set!

IN THE LAND OF VERSES

In the land of verses
All true rites have cadence,
For we know perverses—
In the land of verses,
Would but meet reverses;
For no wrong has precedence—
In the land of verses
Where true rites have cadence!

IN THE LAND OF DANGER

In the land of danger
Right always has its flags,
Tho you are a stranger
In the land of danger—
God goes near to manger
And helps light from its rags;
In the land of danger,
Right always has its flags!

A MAID WITH A FELT HAT

A maid with a felt hat
Dreapt her hat was no felt,
So she felt of her hat—
The maid with a felt hat;
But the felt ne'er felt that,
Yet maid felt she felt felt
As maid made for felt hat,
For made hat was of felt!

**A FLY FLEW OFF A FLUE**

A fly flew off a flue
 Flying at a flown flea,
 While flea flew into flue—
 As fly flew off a flue;
 Still fly flew up from flue,
 Yet the flue did not flee—
 Tho fly flew off a flue
 Flying at a flown flea!

Mr. Fait on an ait
 Ate a lot of dinner,
 Then some fate, just at eight,
 Pained this Fait while on ait;
 So Fait could not get straight,
 For Fait ate, like a sinner—
 Which killed Fait on an ait
 Who at eight ate dinner!

Moral: Shun Epulosity.

REFORM LIMERICK

In the land of deform,
 May the hand of inform
 Conform grace
 In lifes race—
 To perform a reform!

DAY VERSES DIVERSE

Ted Day's acts are adVERSE
 Babe has rites in reVERSE
 Pa has nights of perVERSE
 Ma the days of conVERSE:
 Versus days TO diVERSE!

QUARTRAIN PERFORMANCE

A man adverse to feet,
 Because of life on train,
 Did write a verse with feet—
 So walked to lucks quarTRAIN!

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